The Manuscript alterations or Notes in this Book are in the Authors hand writing and were afterwards Published in an enlarged Edition which he had Printed in 162 pages 12mo in the year 1734 by Isaac Lane and Company Newcastle upon Tyne

Jn. Bell.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PRIDEAUX ERRINGTON.

MR Errington's father was a farmer in the neighbourhood of Bamborough, in Northumberland; and in the year 1715, when the Pretender was in this country, the farmer and his son, then quite a boy, got in at a hole in Bamborough castle, and took it. They procured assistance, and maintained their ground for a few days, till some of the government forces retook it, and they were obliged to fly. They came to Newcastle, and established a public house, using, at the same time, every endeavour to prevent their being recognised. The house is understood to have been somewhere at the head of the Old Flesh Market. They got forward, and were not put to any trouble in consequence of the side they had taken. The charity school of the parish of St. John was the first of the kind established in Newcastle, and Prideaux Errington was made master of it. While in that situation, he published a most curious book, in quarto, called "Copies in Verse," intended, we suppose, as copy-heads for teaching to write. Each copy consisted of two lines in poetry. In 1732, he printed "New Copies in Verse," in duodecimo, which were printed by Isaac Lane, who came from Durham, established a printing office in Newcastle, and afterwards returned to Durham. Isaac was himself a very singular character

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w E Burnley has one Copy of this a little
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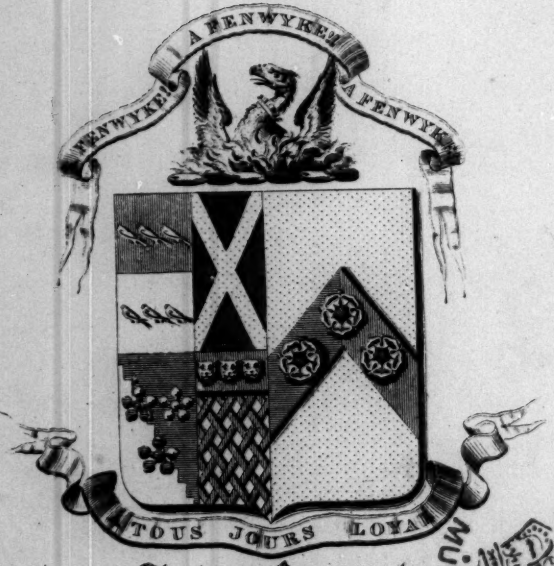

BRITISH MUSEUM

John Fenwick

OF

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE,

Attorney at Law.

BORN AT HEXHAM 14 APRIL 1787.

MARRIED AT ALNWICK 9 JUNE 1814.

k Errington (P.)

11623 cc. 4

Copies in *Verſe*,

For the Uſe of

Writing SCHOOLS,

AND

HYMNS

FOR

Charity-Schools.

Never before Extant.

In Numbers ſweet reſiſtleſs Charms we ſee,
What can withſtand the Pow'r of Harmony?
Here Reaſon ſhows her univerſal Sway,
What ſhe commands here, can we diſobey?

Newcaſtle upon *Tyne*:
Printed for the AUTHOR, and ſold by Mr. *Shaw* Bookſeller, at the Bridge-Foot, 1723.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
Right Worſhipful and Worſhipful

William Elliſon, Eſq; Mayor.
John Cuthbert, Eſq; Serjeant at Law, Recorder.
Sir *William Blacket*, Bar.
Matthew Featherſton, Eſq;
Henry Reay, Eſq;
Richard Ridley, Eſq;
Edward Johnſon, Eſq;
Henry Dalſton, Eſq;
Francis Rudſton, Eſq;
Joſeph Green, Eſq;
Nicholas Fenwick, Eſq;
Francis Johnſon, Eſq; } Aldermen.
Robert Soersby, Eſq; Sheriff.

And to the Reverend Mr. *William Bradford*, Vicar, and to the Reſt of the Reverend Truſtees of the *Charity-Schools* in *Newcaſtle* upon *Tine*.

Right Worſhipful and Worſhipful

THE Charity of CHARITY SCHOOLS, as it excels moſt other Charities, ſo this *Town* excels moſt other Towns in this Kind of CHARITY:

This your Worſhips may reflect on, with a great deal of Pleaſure and Satisfaction, having been the chief Promoters and Encouragers of it; for may not the great Progreſs that was ſo quickly made this Way, be, in great Part, attributed to that ready Concurrence you gave to the Propoſals of Mr. *John Ord*, the then unknown Founder of the Firſt of our CHARITY SCHOOLS, by whoſe glorious Example the good People of this Corporation were ſo ſoon excited, to excel in their liberal Contributions and Subſcriptions, and ſtill to continue in them, and it may be hop'd will ever do ſo, notwithſtanding thoſe Objections that are made by ſome to retard and hinder them. As your Worſhips therefore have been the greateſt Benefactors to theſe CHARITY SCHOOLS, and are the prime Directors and Managers of moſt of them; let me preſume, in the humbleſt Manner, to dedicate the following Copies and Hymns, which were primarily deſign'd for their Service, to your Worſhips; and to intreat your favourable Acceptance, ſince (however mean, yet) they are the beſt Acknowledgment I am able to make of thoſe Favours you have already conferr'd upon

Right Worſhipful and Worſhipful

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

Prideaux Errington.

THE PREFACE.

AS *the pious Education of Youth muſt, in a great Meaſure, contribute towards the Reformation of the preſent Age, and the bettering ſucceeding Generations; ſo it has been the Care of the Nation of late, that very few of the poorer Children, (O that I could ſay none,) who are deſtitute of all Means of Inſtruction from the Ignorance, Inability, or Negligence of their Parents, ſhould be abandon'd to themſelves, and thereby expos'd a Prey to the grand Enemy of all Virtue and Goodneſs. This ſufficiently appears by that vaſt Number of* Charity-Schools, *which, in a few Years, have been erected in this Kingdom, for inſtructing thoſe Children in the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion, and imprinting upon their Minds, the moſt excellent Precepts of the Goſpel, and training them up betimes (before Vice can get too deep a Root in their Affections) to the Obedience and Practice of them. A* Charity *ſo neceſſary, that without it many Souls would probably periſh; and they, that are Promoters and*

En-

Encouragers of it, ought to be look'd upon as Benefactors, not only to those Children, but to the whole Nation, and to those who are yet unborn, even to our lateſt Poſterity; ſo extenſive, and durable are the Fruits and Effects of it.

Therefore, that I may not be altogether deficient in my Duty that way, I have compoſed the following Copies, *and* Hymns *for their Service, which may be both profitable and delightful to them, and which I humbly recommend to all Maſters of* Writing-Schools, *for the Uſe of their Scholars; becauſe Youth, I think, is generally better pleas'd with* Verſe, *than* Proſe *to Copy after: But chiefly, becauſe I am ſure moſt of them contain nothing, but what may further their virtuous Inclinations, and promote the Intereſt of Religion, in the midſt of this crooked and perverſe Generation, whoſe licentious Principles and Practices ſeem to threaten our utter Ruin and Deſtruction; unleſs averted by a timely Repentance and Reformation, which God's Goodneſs, Forbearance, and Long-ſuffering do ſtill moſt lovingly invite us unto: And O that his Mercies may at laſt prove effectual to our Amendment and Reformation, before his Judgments, the ſevereſt of his Judgments fall upon us to our Condemnation, and everlaſting Deſtruction.*

COPIES in VERSE.

Richard White His Book October 1, 1762

ABſtain from Pleaſures that deprave the Mind,
Corrupt our Reaſon, and our Judgment blind.

Be, what to all the World you ſeem to be,
No Crime's more odious than Hypocriſie.

Conceal your Friend's Defects, ſince that your own
Cannot be hid, ſho'd his from you be known.

Diſſembled Friendſhip does the Devil play,
Seems very kind, but with Intent to ſlay.

Enrich your ſelf by giving to the Poor,
Let Blind and Lame go bleſſing from your Door.

From ev'ry Errour try your ſelf to free,
From Errour iſſu'd ev'ry Miſery.

Grieve not for Loſs of any earthly Thing,
Grief works but Death, when Grief from hence does ſpring.

Hear much, ſpeak little, this will Wiſdom ſhow;
Folly and Sin from too much ſpeaking flow.

In virtuous Actions ſpend your youthful Days,
For nothing elſe can to true Glory raiſe.

Keep your Friend's Secrets under Lock and Key,
Cloſely conceal'd from all, but him and thee.

Let not your Paſſions their juſt Bounds exceed,
Reſtrain their Fury, and retard their Speed.

Mind not what an ill-natur'd World does ſay,
For they will praiſe, and diſpraiſe the ſame Day.

No Man from Troubles can be always free,
Let Patience then alleviate Miſery.

O who can faint, tho' Troubles much annoy,
Bleſt with the Hope of everlaſting Joy?

Pride, Angels from the Heav'n of Heavens threw,
And Pride in Men juſt Vengeance will purſue.

Quench ſoon the Sparks of Anger, or they'll flame
To ſuch a Height, as ſcorns your Pow'r to tame.

Riches ill got will canker all your Store,
And leave you nothing, that you had before.

Sincere Endeavours are what God requires,
He will not take for Deeds, ſloathful Deſires.

The Pious Chriſtian does rejoyce to ſee
His Neighbour's Good, condoles his Miſery.

Uſe all the Pow'r you have in doing Good,
Pow'r thus employ'd can never be withſtood.

We wou'd be good, but Wiſhing is but vain;
'Tis not by Wiſhing, Goodneſs we attain.

Xerxes the King did weep to think that he,
And his huge Hoſt not a whole Age ſhould ſee.

Youth ſho'd their Parents honour and revere,
And their Inſtructions with Attention hear.

Zeal, when 'tis falſe, does with ſuch Fury burn,
As, not reſtrain'd, wou'd all to Aſhes turn.

II.

ALLOT your ſelf ſome Time in ev'ry Day,
To read God's Word, to Meditate and Pray.

Be of a lowly Carriage unto all,
This will exalt, when Pride ſhall have a Fall.

Contrive you may, and your Deſigns purſue,
But know Succeſs belongs not unto you.

Dare to be good, ſhall any Scoffs and Scorns
Affright? ſince JESUS wore a Crown of Thorns

Each envious Thought immediately deſtroy,
Your Neighbour's Good ſho'd but encreaſe your Joy.

Flie thoſe Good-Fellows that excite to Sin,
From Drunken Clubs 'tis better out than in.

Give good Advice, when you have nothing more,
This you may give, tho' this be all your Store.

Hear not the Man that others do defame,
For that's the way to loſe your own good Name.

Impatience ſo augments a little Pain,
That it becomes a Load we can't ſuſtain.

Kindle no Strife, Contention once begun,
From Houſe to Houſe through all the Town may run.

Love all our Joys does perfect and complete,
Nothing's ſo ſtrong, nor Nothing is ſo ſweet,

Muſick diſpels all gloomy Clouds away,
And makes the Soul more bright, than the Noon-Day.

No ill Example, but a good one give,
Men by Example, more than Precept, live.

One darling Luſt if you ſhou'd entertain,
'Twou'd render all your Hopes of Heav'n but vain.

Put off your Shoes when you tread Holy Ground,
~~For~~ worldly Thoughts ſhou'd ~~never~~ there be found.
no ever
Quick Reconcilement with your Brother make,
~~How can you~~ ſleep ~~if~~ Vengeance be awake?
for who can when
Repent to Day, now, when 'tis in your Pow'r,
~~What do you know but this is your laſt Hour?~~
you can't be certain of another Hour.
Sweet are thoſe Joys that do from Virtue flow,
Be Virtuous then, ~~that~~ you thoſe Joys may know.

The Flames of Luſt ſhall end in Flames of Fire,
and ſhall
Unleſs ~~thoſe Flames~~ in Floods of Tears they here expire.
extinguished
Vain ~~idle~~ Thoughts reject, your Mind employ,
How Virtue to attain, how Vice deſtroy.

With envious Men, Contentment is not known,
Their Neighbour's Bliſs eradicates their own.

Xantippes many there are now a-Days,
To try our Patience, and our Virtues raiſe.

Your Tongue ſhou'd be the Index of your Mind.
For, to this purpoſe, 'twas by GOD deſign'd.

Zacheus, tho' a Publican, became
A Chriſtian Saint of Everlaſting Fame.

III.

ALL ſhou'd Aſſiſtance to each other give,
None to himſelf ſhou'd either die, or live.

Blind are thoſe Eyes that other's Faults can ſee,
But not thine own; are they not ſo to thee?

~~Conſole~~ Comfort your Brother, when with Grief oppreſt,
Do what you can to eaſe his troubled Breaſt,

Defer not Bus'neſs till another Day,
And let the fitteſt Seaſon ſlide away.

Eat freely what will Nature's Wants ſupply,
But ſay not Nature prompts to Luxury.

From evil Cuſtoms by all means abſtain,
~~Cuſtoms are not ſo ſoon~~ touch with care broke off again.

Go to the Ant thou ſluggiſh Fool, and ſee
~~How ſhe provides; and be as wiſe as ſhe,~~
her winter Store; then grow as wise as she
Hearken to good Advice, leſt when too late,
You mourn your Folly, and deplore your Fate.

In all your Straits to Heav'n for Aid ~~your ſelf~~ addreſs,
Neglect no Means, and ~~Heav'n will give~~ Succeſs.
so obtain

Kindneſs, when ſlighted, may to Hatred turn,
Thus you may light a Fire, your ſelf to burn.

Looks oft deceive, and make but a falſe Show,
'Tis but by Deeds the Man we truly know.

Make no Delays, when Time and Tide do call;
For Time and Tide make no delays at all.

None,

None, that have Virtues of their own to ſhew,
Will e'er with-hold the Praiſe to others due.

Oft the great Bus'neſs of your Life ſurvey,
See it be done, ere Death concludes the Day.

Promote the Publick Int'reſt with your own,
Raiſe not your ſelf, by pulling others down.

Quiet your Conſcience, gain an inward Peace,
By true Repentance all it's Clamours ceaſe.

Requite a good-turn, Love for Love repay,
This is a Law that Heathen's do obey.

Sin's the broad Way ſo many chuſe to tread,
But the broad Way does to Deſtruction lead.

Think not that Ign'rance will your Faults excuſe,
When 'tis your Fault, if Ign'rance you did chuſe.

Unbounded Love makes Man appear Divine,
On good and bad, GOD makes his Sun to ſhine.

With Aid Divine ſure all Things we can do,
Satan, the World, and Selves may conquer too.

Xantippes now a-Days are very rare,
As 'tis to ſee a Comet in the Air:
This for a Truth I wiſh I cou'd declare.

You Youths, that nothing to your ſelves deny,
Live not like Beaſts, for you like them ſhan't die.

Zadock was High-Prieſt of the Jewiſh Race,
When Regal-Pow'r *Abi'thar* did diſplace.

IV.

AS Parents all their Children's Wants ſupply,
So God his Children nothing will deny;
Before him then upon your bended Knee
Make known your Wants, in deep Humility.
Conſider how He Birds and Beaſts does feed,
And ſhall not He much more ſupply your Need?
Diſturb not then your Mind with anxious Cares,
He who provides for theſe, for you prepares.
Eternal Glory He'll to thoſe impart,
That love and ſerve Him with an upright Heart.
Flie Vice, but Virtue hold with ſtrong Embrace,
The Crown of Glory begins here in Grace.

Grace, if improv'd, ſhall unto Glory riſe,
Grow then in Grace, and you ſhall gain the Prize.

Hide not your Talent, nor your Talent ſpend,
It was deliver'd for another End.

Improve your Time, if Time you miſemploy,
Hell you incur, and loſe Eternal Joy.

Keep your Heart pure, won't you the Fountain heed?
Whence all the Actions of your Life proceed.

Love not the World, for you muſt ſhortly die,
But love what you may love eternally.

Meekly

Meekly behave your ſelf, reviling ſhun;
If Anger riſe, it ſets, or ſets the Sun.

Neglect of time may bring you endleſs Sorrow,
Uſe Time to Day, leaſt you have none to Morrow.

On Heav'n and Hell, as preſent, fix your Eyes;
A wholeſome Change wou'd from this Sight ariſe.

Practice what Chriſtian Knowledge does direct,
~~Not he that knows, but does, can Heav'n~~ *for without Practice none can* expect.

Quench Luſtful Flames, which ſet you all on Fire,
With Thoughts on thoſe, that never ſhall expire.

Review at Night the Actions of the Day,
Praiſe GOD for Mercies, and for Pardon Pray.

Sin wounds the Conſcience, and the Spirit rends,
Till by Repentance GOD and we are Friends.

True Friends their Friendſhip mutually maintain,
By Rules of Love, and not of Loſs and Gain.

Vexatious Thoughts the Miſer's Mind annoy,
~~Tho' Bags be full, yet what does he enjoy?~~ *He has much yet nothing will enjoy*
Wiſh well you may, but what can wiſhing do?
Who e'er was fed, or cloath'd by wiſhing ſo?

Zen'phon, with all his vain Philoſophy,
Cou'd not eſpie, what Chriſtians clearly ſee.

Yield not your Strength of Body, or of Mind
To Harlot-Vice, or vicious Womankind,

Zealous be you, in all Things, to obey
The Will of God, do, as you daily pray.

V. At-

V.

ATtempt not what you never can effect,
All ſuch Attempts 'tis Wiſdom to reject.

Bear ev'ry Croſs, with a ſubmiſſive Will,
What Heav'n preſcribes cannot deſign our ill.

Cou'd one Thing be another, or red be blue,
Then Tranſubſtantiation might be true.

Diſputes are endleſs, when the Will's perverſe,
Bright Reaſon can't ſo groſs a Cloud diſperſe.

Expreſs your Thoughts in Terms diſtinct and clear,
Let your true Meaning from ſpeak Words appear.

Friendſhip adds vaſt Increaſe to all our Joys,
And ſhares our Griefs, that ſcarce one half annoys.

Good out of ill does Providence produce,
But yet that *Good* will no Man's Crimes excuſe.

Help all do need, and Help ſhou'd all beſtow;
The King wants Help, as well as thoſe below.

Incline your Ears unto the Preacher's Voice;
Hear from his Mouth, what may your Heart rejoyce.

Known unto God is ev'ry ſecret Thing;
Or Thought's conceiv'd, He Thought to Light can bring.

Life is not granted to conſume away
In eating, drinking, ſleeping, ſporting, play.

Mark well thoſe Rocks where others ſhipwreck'd lie,
And Prudence learn from their ſad Deſtiny.

Not Words, but Deeds, do a true Friend diſcover,
Men oft ſay one Thing, and do act another.

Offer to God no meaner Sacrifice
Than your whole Self, your *All* He'll not deſpiſe.

Pleaſure and Pain are interwoven here,
Pure and unmixt, but ſeldom they appear.

Quickly reſolve, now, in your youthful Days,
To keep God's Laws, and walk his righteous Ways.

Render to all what juſtly they require,
And do to them, as you wou'd them deſire.

Store up your Wealth, by giving to your Brother,
Not in this World lay up, but in the other.

The Thirſt of Glory to brave Deeds excite,
'Tis this that makes the *Hero* fiercely fight.

Undaunted Courage Righteouſneſs will give,
He fears not Death that righteouſly does live.

Who Wiſdom lacks, let him to Heav'n repair,
Wiſdom deſcends call'd down by fervent Pray'r,

Xanthus with *Trojan* Blood did once o'erflow,
When there *Achilles* gave the fatal Blow.

You're injur'd, and you will revenge the Wrong,
But know Revenge does not to you belong.

Zach'ry the Prieſt did lead a blameleſs Life,
And, like himſelf, he had a blameleſs Wife.

VI.

ALL that we know of Happineſs above,
Is that the Bleſt enjoy [illegible] they love.

Books help unto the Knowledge of what's paſt,
For they relate what's done from firſt to laſt.

Comfort the weak, the feeble Mind ſupport,
Do good to all, and to do good exhort.

Death puts a Period to the Sinner's Joy,
And begins then what endleſly annoys;
Eternal Joys or Miſeries muſt all
Bear, or enjoy: chooſe which on you ſhall fall.

Firſt know your Strength, leaſt when your Strength's unknown,
By vain Attempts your Fooliſhneſs be ſhown.

Goſpel in ev'ry Church ſalutes our Ears,
Salvation now by Chriſt to all appears.

He that has much, without Content, you'll grant
Is worſe than he that is content in Want.

Inconſtant Women vary as the Moon,
Their morning Thoughts agree not with their Noon.

Kind are thoſe Stripes our heav'nly Father gives,
None of his Sons without Correction lives.

Love in it's Object can no Faults eſpie,
But all is lovely in the Lover's Eye,

Malicious Souls to Hell at laſt repair,
Where *Lucifer* and all the ſpiteful are;
And not to Heav'n; for there's no Malice there.

Ne'er recompenſe one ill Word with another,
Soft Words return, this will all Anger ſmother.

Owe not to any when you have to pay,
Leſt they ſhou'd want, what, by your own, you lay.

Places of Pow'r are got with Toil and Sweat,
~~And we're unhappy to be vainly great.~~ But without these we may be truly great.

Quarrels enſue when Paſſion bears the Sway,
~~Let Paſſion then not govern, but obey.~~ and all disorders then you must behold
Dethrone it then, and force it to obey.
Reſtore what by Injuſtice you have got,
Where is Repentance, if you do it not?

Serve not your Luſts, the greateſt Slavery,
But ſerve the Lord, and be from Bondage free.

Trees, Herbs and Flow'rs, and all Things elſe declare,
Th'Almighty-Hand, that made them what they are.

Vice! did but ſhe in her own Shape appear,
Cou'd ſhe attract our Love? No, Scorn and Fear.

Why do you grieve, when Loſſes you befall?
Since you muſt one Day ſuffer Loſs of all.

Xequepeer full 300 Years did live,
So long a Life his Abſtinence did give.

You ſhou'd before you promiſe take a Sleep,
An haſty Promiſe oft we grieve to keep.

Zeb'dee was Father of St. *James* and *John*,
Two bleſt *Apoſtles* of God's only Son.

19

VII.

A Crown Imperial Head-ach cannot cure,
Nor Golden-Slipper Mr. *Gout* I'm ſure.

Begin betimes bright Virtue's Path to tread,
The Path that does to endleſs Glory lead.

Crimes, tho' conceal'd beneath the Shades of Night,
Shall be reveal'd, and one Day come to Light.

Do Nothing where Hope can't Succeſs proclaim,
Nor where Succeſs attended is with Shame.

Endure with Patience what you can't avoid,
Patience is here, and only here employ'd.

Fear antedates a future Miſery,
And oft is worſe than what we fear wou'd be.

Give freely to the Poor what you can ſpare,
Let not their Wants your want of Love declare.

Here's not our Reſt till we to *Canaan* come,
The Land of Promiſe, our eternal Home.

In proſp'rous State act what will give Delight,
Shou'd adverſe Fortune turn your Day to Night.

Knowledge declares to many what is fit,
But ~~'tis but~~ few, alaſs! that practiſe it.
they are

Let all be quiet and ſerene within,
~~E'er~~ Death approach, or his Aſſaults begin.

More Pains ~~we~~ take ~~our~~ Mis'ry to procure,
Than wou'd eternal Happineſs enſure.

No

No Man's so low, but Hope can Comfort give,
Nor none so high, that without Fear can live.

O! think in Time, for you may think too late,
When all your Thoughts cannot reverse your Fate.

Perpetual Fears do haunt the guilty Soul,
Till true Repentance all those Fears controul.

Quell Passions, or they do too pow'rful grow,
A Spark encreases to a Flame we know.

Remember, when Afflictions you befall,
What others bear, then shall your own seem small.

Sweet Solitude! the Haven of that Breast,
Whom Storms and Tempests have before oppress,
The short Prelude of everlasting Rest.

To covet great Things, not enjoy the least,
Makes the vile Miser worse than any Beast.

Use earthly Things, as if you us'd them not,
All earthly Pleasures soon will be forgot.

Wou'd we but value Things, as they deserve,
What ~~here~~ then cou'd tempt from Virtue's Path to swerve?

Xenocrates' ill Nature did abound,
Yet he in Complaisance was sometimes found,

Your humble Servant for Affronts repay,
This can no Fuel on the Fire lay.

Zanzummims was a Term full and compleat,
Expressing Wickedness and Stature great,

VIII.

ABſtemiouſneſs unclogs the burden'd Mind,
Brightens thoſe Pow'rs Intemp'rance kept confin'd.
Contemn thoſe Pleaſures then, that will miſguide,
Deprave the judgment from right Reaſon's Side.
Enrich your Mind with Truths, Errours avoid;
For this great End, keep oft your Thoughts employ'd,
Guide them all under Reaſon's Influence,
Hearken to Nothing, but what flows from thence,
Implore Eternal Wiſdom, He'll inſtruct,
Keep a pure Heart, attend till he conduct
Learning, true Learning then ſhall you attain:
Mark well the Means, that you the Prize may gain.
Nothing ſo hard that lies within the Sphere
Of human Knowledge, but ſhou'd then appear.
Perceiv'd by all, Who thro' attentive Mind,
(Quite dead to Pleaſures that can Reaſon blind)
Receive Reſponſe from Him, that does convey
Sound Truths to ſuch, as his Commands obey.
'Tis he our Maſter is, H'informs alone;
Vainly do Men ſeek Truth then where there's none,
Who let erroneous Books their Minds o'erſway,
Xenophon, *Ariſtotle*, *et cetera*:
Yea, Time and Money waſte in vaſt Expenſe,
Zealous Devoters of the Mind to Senſe.

IX.

A Contrite Heart the Lord will not deſpiſe,
It is to him a pleaſing Sacrifice.

Bleſſings return with Songs of Thanks and Praiſe,
But wicked Lips no grateful Songs can raiſe.

Courage can never with the Guilty dwell,
Fears riſe from Guilt, and theſe will Courage quell.

Delays are dangerous; when the Houſe does flame,
If we ſit ſtill, we periſh with the ſame.

Efface your Crimes, for leſſer Crimes may be
Effac'd by Acts of fervent Charity.

Forgive your Brother's Faults, when he does Pardon crave
If you no Mercy ſhow, no Mercy you ſhall have.

Gaming to Ruin many a Man has brought,
Game to divert, but let it coſt you nought.

High as the Heav'n the humble Soul ſhall riſe,
But the proud Soul ſhall ne'er aſcend the Skies.

Inſulting Language hardly can be born,
When Vice triumphs, and Virtue is it's Scorn.

Keen are thoſe Wounds that from a Friend proceed,
Hatred for Love will make a Heart to bleed.

Lift up your Eyes, the glorious Heav'ns ſurvey,
For they to all their Maker's Pow'r diſplay.

More, more, the wretched Miſer ſtill does cry,
O give, O give, for all won't ſatisfie.

Ne'er

Ne'er with a ſtronger than your Self engage,
But by Submiſſion mitigate his Rage.

O'er ev'ry Thing God's Providence preſides,
And as He made all Things, ſo all He guides.

Prepare for Death, or Sickneſs you arreſt;
An holy Life makes Death a welcome Gueſt.

Quench not thoſe Motions that excite to Good,
Grieve Him no more you have ſo oft withſtood.

Reach forth your helping Hand unto your Foe;
He may become a Friend by doing ſo.

Strive but in virtuous Actions to excell,
There emulate the Beſt in doing well.

Temptations all our Virtues exerciſe,
And when o'ercome, a Crown ſhall be our Prize.

Vanquiſh your Self, and ſo ſhall you obtain
More Glory than great *Marlb'rough* e'er did gain.

Work all your Works, now, while the Day does laſt;
The Night comes on, when working Time is paſt.

X's are ſcarce, but leſt I ſhou'd you vex,
I both begin and end my Rhyme with X.

Yes, I will do't but Promiſes are Wind;
With this degen'rate Race of human Kind:
'Tis only Bond and Judgment now can bind.

Zamzummins were a People ſtrong and tall,
Such as, in England, we do Giants call.

X.

AFflictions check the Sinner's full Carrieer,
He that fear'd nought does ~~then~~ now begin to fear.

Body ſuppreſſes and weighs down the Mind,
A Truth we all by ſad Experience find.

Call them not happy whom the World thinks ſo;
~~The~~ for Rich and Great, but little of it know.

Direct the wand'ring Soul to the right Way,
How can a Brother ſee a Brother ſtray?

Enter God's Courts with reverential Awe,
Devoutly pray, then hearken to his Law.

Freedom, ſo much the Boaſt of all Mankind,
But few enjoy, the reſt are Slaves we find.

Greatneſs it's Shadow only here we ſee;
The greateſt King, how little great is he?

Health, when 'tis wanting, tediouſly we live;
All outward Comforts little Comfort give.

X Imperfect Knowledge here we can but gain,
What we can't here, we ſhall in Heav'n attain.

Kindly receive Rebukes, when from a Friend,
~~Let ſuch Rebukes never~~ and let them not fail to attain their End.

Learn in your Youth, but, if neglected then,
'Tis not too late to learn, when ~~I~~ you are Men.

Martyrs

Martyrs in greater Glory ſhall appear,
Than other Saints in the Celeſtial Sphere.

No diſmal Fears the righteous Man attend;
How can he fear, who ſees his God his Friend?

Once you've deceiv'd me, that's your Fault 'tis plain;
It ſhall be mine, if you deceive again.

Provide in Summer, then lay up in ſtore,
In Winter you may need it all, and more.

Quicker than Light'ning Angels here deſcend,
To guard their Charge, and Heirs of Bliſs defend.

Riches and Honours are the Baits that take
The gaping World, and Satan Captives make.

Sincerity in all your Actions ſhow,
For, tho' not Man, yet God the Heart does know.

Thro' this tempeſtuous World we make our Way
To the bleſt Regions of eternal Day.

Unknown Delights for ſuch God does prepare,
As his Commands obſerve with conſtant Care.

Winter and Summer, each ſucceeds in Turns;
Thus Time unto it's final Period runs.

X pray excuſe, for X's I have none;
If that can't be, accept of this for one.

Yield not when ſtrong Temptations you aſſail,
Withold Conſent, and they can ne'er prevail.

Ziba a Slander did to *David* tell
Of '*Phiboſheth*, for which he far'd too well.

XI.

ALL due Encomiums on the Brave beſtow,
Thereby the Brave the Braver ſtill ſhall grow.

Blow not both Hot and Cold with the ſame Breath;
In a good Cauſe be conſtant unto Death.

Calmly Debate, or let debates alone;
Paſſion creates Debates where there are none,
Then what Increaſe will Paſſion make from One?

Do nothing raſhly; if you wou'd be wiſe,
Never engage in a raſh Enterprize.

Eye hath not ſeen, nor can ~~our Tongue~~ the declare
The Joys above, they 'bove Conception are.

From frequent Thinking on our latter End,
~~We~~ you ſhall redeem Time ~~we~~ you did vainly ſpend.

Great is that Man, that o'er himſelf bears ſway,
His Reaſon ~~commands~~ rules, and Paſſions ~~obey~~ his obey.

He that afflicted Souls does ridicule,
To all the World proclaims himſelf a Fool.

Inſtruct ~~more by your Life, than by your Speech,~~ as much by your Life as by your Speech,
and always
Practiſe ~~your ſelf~~, what you ~~d~~ others teach.

Keep always diſtant from the furious Man;
Or from his Preſence haſten all you can.

Love has done Wonders, and ſtill more will do;
Each Day, each Hour ſome of Love's Wonders ſhew.

Money

Money much Miſchief in the World has done,
The Love of that ſhall ruin many a One.

No earthly Bleſſing does the Joys of Life
So much encreaſe, as does a virtuous Wife.

Of ev'ry Thing we now may freely eat,
Swine's Fleſh, and Blood are not forbidden Meat.

Prophane not great *Jehovah*'s ſacred Name,
But with profoundeſt Rev'rence uſe the ſame.

Quench not your Thirſt at a terreſtrial Bowl,
The Thirſt, I mean, of an immortal Soul.

Raiſe your Affections to the Things above,
The ſatisfying Objects of our Love.

Sing *David*'s Pſalms with a melodious Voice,
Such Songs, as theſe, will the ſad Heart rejoyce.

Think not that Sinners ſhall unpuniſh'd be,
Becauſe they live in great Proſperity.

Viſit the Sick, to them all Kindneſs ſhow;
There good Advice with good Effect beſtow.

When Death approaches, then we ſhall lament
(What we might now in Time of Youth prevent,)
The many Hours and Days we have miſpent.

X here ſhou'd be; but my exhauſted Store
Will furniſh me, no, not with one X more.

Young Men enjoy the World, and live at Eaſe,
Greatly Rejoyce, and all your Senſes pleaſe;
But know a Judgment comes, when Mirth ſhall ceaſe.

Z'ds, as well as X's, you muſt want;
Since they with me are grown exceeding ſcant.

XII. Af-

XII.

ASsume not Praiſes with your own proud Tongue,
Let others praiſe, if Praiſe to you belong.

Break off the Priſ'ner's Chains, the Captive free,
Thus lend your Caſh to Heav'n on Uſury.

Croſſes befall the Beſt of human Race;
Call them not Signs of Hatred, but of Grace.

Deſign the Good and Benefit of all,
Tho' your good Deeds ſhort of good Will muſt fall.

Exceſs in Drinking Reaſon does deprave;
But drunken Sots, I think, no Reaſon have.

Find no Excuſes to miſpend your Time;
For they can't leſſen, but encreaſe your Crime.

Gain in your Youth all Knowledge that you can,
And grow in Wiſdom, as you grow to Man.

Hold on your Way, and don't that Proverb heed,
That wou'd retard, and not promote your Speed.

If Men have Reaſon, how comes it to paſs,
Some act, as if they knew not what it was?

Knowledge is vain, unleſs you do what's fit;
The Devils far exceed the proudeſt Wit.

Lay not the Blame, where there no Blame can be,
Men's Crimes proceed not from Fatality.

Mark

Mark how the upright Man reſigns his Breath,
And live his Life, if you wou'd die his Death.

Not Faith alone, without good Works can ſave,
Such Faith is dead; Faith then good Works muſt have.

Old Men revere, attend while they adviſe;
Years from Experience teach you to be wiſe.

Pray'rs can defend more than a Shield and Spear,
Draw down ſuch Aid, as leaves no Room for Fear.

Quake you not then, tho' mighty Foes aſſail,
If Heav'n aſſiſts, you ſurely ſhall prevail.

Raiſe up your Soul on Contemplation's Wings;
Immortal Minds are for immortal Things.

Sure none but God can our vaſt Minds employ,
'Tis He alone that can complete our Joy.

The greedy Glut degrades the Man to Beaſt,
His *ſummum Bonum* is a Lord Mayor's Feaſt.

Unbridled Tongues the [illegible] perplex;
Theſe little Members all the Members vex.

With Prudence go, let her walk by your Side;
Bleſt is the Trav'ler that has ſuch a Guide.

X's no more you can from me expect;
Yet this croſs Thing I muſt not quite neglect.

You can't aſſure your Self of one ſhort Hour;
The preſent Time is all that's in your Pow'r.

Z'ds but ſeldom you have need to write;
What need I then a Dozen to indite?

Hymns

HYMNS
FOR
Charity-Schools.

ANNUAL HYMNS
When the Children are Cloath'd.

I.

HOW glorious is that Charity,
That you, our Friends, expreſs;
Preventing future Miſery,
And preſent does redreſs!

II.

Our Souls and Bodies each do ſhare
Of Bleſſings from your Store;
To make us Happy is your Care,
Now, and for Evermore.

III.

Our great Creator's bleſſed Will,
We all are taught to know;
To do what's good, to ſhun what's ill,
By Works our Faith to ſhow.

IV.

O may th' Eternal Source of Love,
From whom all Love proceeds,
Give you a glorious Crown above,
Who thus ſupply our Needs.

V.

And evermore on us beſtow
His more abundant Grace,
Conduct us through this Wild below
To Heav'n our reſting-Place.

VI.

Where we, with the celeſtial Hoſt,
Shall endleſs Praiſes ſing
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Our God and glorious King.

I.

O God of all our Joy,
Our Bliſs and Happineſs,
Our Lips we will employ
Thy Goodneſs to expreſs.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah.

II.

When we in the ſad Night
Of Ignorance did ſtray,
'Twas then Thou did'ſt ſend Light
To guide us in thy Way.
Hallelujah, *&c.*

III.

When Want did ſore oppreſs,
And made our Souls to groan;
Expos'd, and in Diſtreſs,
Then was thy Pity ſhown.
Hallelujah, &c.

IV.

Kind Friends Thou didſt inſpire
With thy Celeſtial Love,
Who did, to our Deſire,
Our greateſt Griefs remove.
Hallelujah, &c.

V.

All Friends, O Lord, regard,
Repay them all their Love;
Grant them the great Reward,
With all thy Saints above.
Hallelujah, &c.

VI.

May all, as we before,
Expos'd, be Cloath'd and Taught;
Let Love abound ſtill more,
Till to Perfection brought.
Hallelujah, &c.

VII.

May ev'ry one excite
Their Pow'rs to glorify
The Father, Son, and Sp'rit,
The Tri-Une Deity.
Hallelujah, &c.

I.

THou, Lord, throughout the Univerſe,
Thy various Bleſſings doſt diſperſe;
Doſt cloath the Nak'd, the Hungry feed,
And, by good Friends, ſupply our Need.

II.

Thou art the Fountain and the Spring,
From whence our Friends thy Bleſſings bring;
Let them be full, make them o'erflow,
And ſo deſcend on us below.

III.

Their Plenty is by Thee deſign'd
To bleſs themſelves and all Mankind;
Thus ſweetly doſt Thou rule and guide,
And thus for All doſt Thou provide.

IV.

We magnifie Thy Glorious Name,
And evermore will laud the ſame;
From Ignorance and Want ſet free,
How can we ceaſe from praiſing Thee.

V.

Out of the Mouth of Babes Thy Praiſe,
Thou canſt perfect, thy Glory raiſe;
O make in us thy Graces ſhine,
And all the Glory ſhall be Thine.

I.

THE Tribute of unfeigned Praiſe,
To Thee, our God, we bring;
With all the Pow'r that we can raiſe,
Thy Mercies we will ſing.

II.

We magnifie thy glorious Name,
And render Thanks to Thee,
Who art, and haſt been ſtill the ſame,
And ſhalt for ever be.

III.

Thou haſt us rais'd from low Degree,
From Nakedneſs and Shame,
From Ignorance; therefore will we
For ever bleſs thy Name.

IV.

And O! that not our Lips alone
May manifeſt thy Praiſe;
But alſo may Obedience joyn,
Throughout our future Days.

V.

Thro' Jeſus Chriſt, we humbly pray
Sufficient Grace afford,
Our Duty to perform alway
To Men, and Thee, our Lord.

VI.

To fear, and love Thee, as we ought,
With all our Soul and Mind.
To worſhip Thee, and render Thanks,
When we thy Mercies find.

VII.

Our whole Affiance to repoſe
In Thee, our only Stay;
In all our Needs, in all Diſtreſs,
On Thee to call alway.

VIII.

Thy Name moſt ſacred to revere,
And glorifie always;
The Object of our greateſt Fear,
And of our higheſt Praiſe.

IX.

Thy Holy Word with great Delight,
And Rev'rence oft to read;
Our Meditation Day and Night,
Thereby our Souls to feed.

X.

Thy bleſſed Will therein we know,
All Thanks to Thee therefore;
Obedience to it may we ſhow,
And ſerve Thee evermore.

XI.

And as we love our ſelves, ſo may
We love our Neighbour too;
And unto all, as we deſire
They ſhould unto us, do.

XII.

All Love and due Reſpect to thoſe,
From whom we did proceed,
May pay, and ready Succour grant,
If they do ſtand in Need.

XIII. Obedi-

XIII.

Obedience pay our Gracious King,
The Father of us all;
Thy choiceſt Bleſſings on him bring,
And all his Foes enthral.

XIV.

All thoſe, to whom he does commit
His Pow'r, may we obey;
T'other Governours, as is fit,
All due Submiſſion pay.

XV.

To all our Betters may demean
Our ſelves with Reverence;
And injure none by Word, nor Deed;
Nor Evil recompenſe.

XVI.

But may thoſe bleſs, who us do curſe,
Hate, injure, and revile;
O from all Malice keep us free,
And all Deceit and Guile.

XVII.

That all our Dealings juſt may be,
Our Hands from Theft reſtrain;
From evil Speech, and from all Lies
And ~~ſland'rous Tongues~~ Slanderers refrain.

XVIII.

In all Sobriety may live,
Intemperance abjure;
Our Bodies chaſt ever preſerve,
As Temples clean and pure.

XIX. To

XIX.

To be content in low Eſtate,
  Not envy others Store;
But labour truly to get Bread,
  Be glad that they have more.

XX.

In ev'ry State, whate'er it be,
  That Thou ſhalt call us to,
By thy eſpecial Grace may we
  Ever our Duty do.

XXI.

O may all Chriſtians Thee obey,
  In Faith and Love combine;
And ev'ry beauteous Grace diſplay;
  That they as Lights may ſhine.

XXII.

And all may ſee and glorifie
  The God whom we adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Sp'rit,
  Who reigns for evermore.

****

I.

O Thou to whom we all Things owe,
  Made and Redeem'd by Thee,
The Source whence all our Bleſſings flow,
  The God of Charity.

II. Hearts

II.

Hearts full of Love, of Thanks and Praiſe,
This poor Return we make
To Thee, who from the Duſt doſt raiſe
Us, for thy Mercy's Sake.

III.

A Seraph's Tongue cannot diſplay
The Riches of thy Grace,
That boundleſs Love Thou ſhow'ſt alway
To *Adam*'s fallen Race.

IV.

Love! that will lift us up on high,
Amidſt the Heav'nly Throng;
Our joyful Theme eternally,
And never ceaſing Song.

I.

O What great Changes Love can make!
How deſtitute were we?
Till Love made us our Wants forſake,
Forget our Miſery.

II.

We helpleſs Youths naked and bare,
And uninſtructed went;
But you, our Friends, by Heav'n's Care,
To our Relief were ſent.

III. Thy

III.

Thy Goodneſs, Lord, we will applaud,
And evermore proclaim;
And, with thy Saints, will ever laud
Thy great and glorious Name.

IV.

Reward that Charity and Love,
All Friends to us expreſs,
With Plenty here, and then above
With endleſs Happineſs.

Funeral HYMNS.

The Happy Reſurrection.

Ubi eſt tua, O Mors, Victoria?

I.

WHEN ſhall that glorious Morn appear,
When Death it's Captives ſhall reſtore;
And ſleeping Saints the Voice ſhall hear,
Ariſe ye Dead, to die no more?

II.

When ſhall the Lord of Life deſcend
With all his ſhining Guards around?
Time flies apace to it's fix'd End,
When *Mich'el* the loud Trump ſhall ſound.

III.

Inglorious Clay ſhall Glorious riſe,
Enrob'd with Immortality;
Thus, new array'd, aſcend the Skies,
Th' All-glorious Lord t' accompany.

IV.

To his Tribunal in the Air,
(Where all th' Unjuſt muſt trembling ſtand)
The Riſing Saints with Joy repair,
And ſhall be plac'd at His Right Hand.

V.

Then unto them, in the firſt Place,
The Righteous Judge his Lips ſhall move,
Bleſs'd of my Father, come, embrace
A glorious Crown, prepar'd above.

VI.

With Exultation, and high Praiſe,
They ſhall their deareſt Lord attend;
Loud ecchoing Songs of Triumph raiſe,
As they the Heav'n of Heav'ns aſcend.

VII.

With perfect Bliſs there they'l be crown'd,
Yet ever ſhall their Bliſs improve;
'Twill know no End, nor find no Bound,
For God they'l alway ſee and love.

I.

THE Time comes on, makes no delay,
When we muſt quit this Houſe of Clay;
When Wit and Strength, and Beauty's Charms,
Shall diſappear in Death's cold Arms.

II.

All earthly Pomp and Grandeur have
There final Period in the Grave;
The Rich and Poor, the Mean and Great,
There to their priſtine Duſt retreat.

III.

And ſhall we then our Thoughts employ,
Our Time miſpend, our ſelves annoy
In heaping Wealth, in Honour's Chaſe,
In gaining Earth, but loſing Grace?

IV.

No; let true Wiſdom guide our Ways,
As Pilgrims here walk all our Days;
Still ſeeking for the World to come,
Till *Herauld*-Death conducts us Home.

I.

HOW ſhort, uncertain, and how vain
Are our Enjoyments here!
Our Pleaſures chequer'd are with Pain,
And Love is mix'd with Fear.

II.

We live in proſp'rous State to Day,
To Morrow grieve and mourn;
To Changes we're expos'd alway,
While we on Earth ſojourn.

III. Come

III.

Come then, kind Death, and ſet us o'er
  Upon the promis'd Ground;
Where Joy and Grief ſhall mix no more,
  Where all Delights abound.

IV.

Where Truth and Goodneſs infinite
  Shall fully ſatisfie
Immortal Minds with vaſt Delight,
  Thro' all Eternity.

Poſt Mortem, Eternitas.

I.

TO eat and drink, to ſport and play,
  Is not the Bus'neſs of the Day;
No, we have ſomething elſe to do,
Grace to improve, Sins to ſubdue.

II.

Our *ſummum Bonum* lies not here,
'Tis ſeated in another Sphere;
If ever we attain thereto,
Bright Virtue's Path we muſt purſue.

III. Our

III.

Our Time is to be valu'd more,
Than richeſt Mines of Golden Ore;
Eternal Things we loſe or gain,
As Time's well ſpent, or ſpent in vain.

IV.

Eternal Manſions are prepar'd,
And Crowns of Glory to reward
Thoſe Chriſtian Heroes that oppoſe,
Fight, conquer Sin, and all their Foes.

V.

But for the vain, licentious Tribe,
That Sin, like Water, do imbibe;
Almighty Vengeance has declar'd,
Infernal Tophet is prepar'd.

VI.

May we then all, while Time does laſt,
Improve our Talent to the beſt;
Redeem what's loſt by double Care,
By conſtant Duty, fervent Pray'r.

VII.

By doing all the Good we can,
By Acts of Love to God and Man;
If thus we ſpend our Time and Breath,
We ſhall be crowned after Death.

VIII.

With Saints and Angels evermore,
Our Tri-Une God love and adore;
For ever praiſe, for ever bleſs
Th' Eternal Source of Happineſs.

I.

MAN's Days on Earth as Shadows flie,
The Term of Life is but a Span,
And full of Grief and Misery;
Wisely reflect on this, vain Man.

II.

This Earth is not our Rest and Home,
'Tis but a Desart in our Way;
Gone thro', we shall to *Canaan* come,
And there for endless Ages stay.

III.

On this side *Jordan* who wou'd rest,
The Land of Promise in our Eyes;
A Land with Milk and Honey blest,
And ev'ry Thing that satisfies.

I.

OHow uncertain is our stay
Here, in this mournful Vale of Tears!
Who lives in Health and Strength to Day,
To Morrow a dead Corps appears.

II.

For this great Change always prepare,
Let Death be often in our Eyes;
An holy Life our greatest Care,
Lest Death and Judgment shou'd surprize.

III. Blest

III.

Bleſt is that Man his Lord ſhall find,
When He does come upon his Guard;
Doing his Will with fervent Mind,
And hoping for the great Reward.

I.

DEath, thou can'ſt only ſeparate
My Soul from her inglorious Clay
To Realms of Bliſs, till her vile Mate,
Glorious as ſhe, riſe the laſt Day.

II.

A glad Re-union they ſhall have,
And this triumphant Song ſhall ſing,
Where is thy Victory, O Grave?
O Death, where is thy deadly Sting?

III.

Thou haſt our * Brother ſent before
To undiſturb'd Felicity;
Sorrow and Grief vex † Him no more,
Who has, O Lord, ſure Hope in Thee.

IV.

Accompliſh, Lord, and ſoon complete
The Number of thy Church above;
Thy Kingdom come, glorious and great,
Of endleſs, perfect Bliſs and Love.

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* Or, Siſter. † Or, Her.

FINIS.